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# Hungry BMA Gets Food But No Info On Tour of CIA

By David F. Gosnell

The time is 1800 hours (6 p.m.). The day is January 8, 1963, a day that will live in anonymity. The place is Langley, site of the massive new C.I.A. building which looms whitely through the icy mist in an efficient-looking but vaguely disturbing manner. A solemn file of black-coated men, collars upturned, jaws firm, eyes inscrutable trudges unobtrusively into the bright foyer of the building's main entrance. In their hearts there is the feeling that having finally found the entrance, they can accomplish anything. It is a day of reckoning, a moment of serious purpose. It is the January meeting of the Buildings Management Association.

Buildings Manager Paul M. Dodd (hereafter referred to by the code name "Sherlock") greeted us secretly at the door, helped us to fill out our pink entrance applications with our aliases, and gave us our visitors badges. Five scouting parties, each with a cunning guide, picked their way through the gray and white maze of marble corridors to the main objective. Finally the guide muttered through clenched teeth "This is it, boys" and we sprinted the last hundred yards to the central cafeteria.

The central cafeteria resembles a much modernized Washington Armory of the late Quonset school. A large, curved, latticed roof, complete with modern spot-lighting, fronts on a semi-circle of glass window. Three basketball games could be held here simultaneously, two downstairs and one in the upstairs balcony.

There are no lines in this modern cafeteria. Instead there is General Kitchen's hollow square: food on the outside square and beverages on the inside square. Thus for the C.I.A. workers each lunch becomes a tactical problem in outmaneuvering fellow employees: They must decide whether to perform a rear guard action and get dessert first, whether to try a flanking maneuver in the soup and salad department, or a frontal attack on entrees and vegetables. This keeps the C.I.A. boys sharp—the keen, aggressive ones eat hearty and the milktoasts (or "doves") get thin and pale until they finally wither away. (There is a nasty rumor that the boys in the computer room have programmed their lunch hour on a giant computer so that they may eat when the crowd is smallest, but then, that is only a rumor.)

After a hearty meal of (\*\*CLASSIFIED\*\*) the outgoing officers of the association, Frank Capps, President; John Province, Vice President; Carl Hofer, Secretary; Carroll Hofer, Treasurer, were congratulated, and the new

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